Numb. 171

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Alter Rixatus de lana ſæpe caprina
Propugnat nugis Armatus —— Hor.

From *Thurſday May* 11. to *Saturday May* 13. 1709.

Græcian Coffee-houſe, May 12.

IT has happened to be for ſome Days the Deliberation of the Learnedeſt Board in this Houſe, whence Honour and Title had its firſt Original. *Timoleon*, who is very particular in his Opinions, but is thought particular for no other Cauſe but that he acts againſt depraved Cuſtom, by the Rules of Nature and Reaſon, in a very handſome Diſcourſe gave the Company to underſtand, That in thoſe Ages which firſt degenerated from Simplicity of Life, and Natural Juſtice, the Wiſe among them thought it neceſſary to inſpire Men with the Love of Virtue, by giving them who adhered to the Intereſts of Innocence and Truth, ſome diſtinguiſhing Name to raiſe them above the common Level of Mankind. This Way of fixing Appellations of Credit upon eminent Merit, was what gave Being to Titles and Terms of Honour. Such a Name, continued he, without the Qualities which ſhould give a Man Pretence to be exalted above others, does but turn him to Jeſt and Ridicule. Should one ſee another cudgelled, or ſcurvily treated, Do you think a Man ſo uſed would take it kindly to be called *Hector*, or *Alexander?* Every Thing muſt bear a Proportion with the outward Value that is ſet upon it; or inſtead of being long had in Veneration, that very Term of Eſteem will become a Word of Reproach. When *Timoleon* had done ſpeaking, *Urbanus* purſued the ſame Purpoſe, by giving an Account of the Manner in which the *Indian* Kings who were lately in *Great Britain*, did Honour to the Perſon where they lodged. They were placed, ſaid he, in an handſom Apartment, at an Upholſterers in *King-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*. The Man of the Houſe, it ſeems, had been very obſervant of them, and ready in their Service. Theſe juſt and generous Princes, who act according to the Dictates of natural Juſtice, thought it proper to confer ſome Dignity upon their Landlord before they left his Houſe. One of them had been ſick during his Reſidence there, and having never before been in a Bed, had a very great Veneration for him who made that Engine of Repoſe, ſo uſeful and ſo neceſſary in his Diſtreſs. It was conſulted among the Four Princes, by what Name to dignify his great Merit and Services. The Emperor of the *Mohocks*, and the other Three Kings, ſtood up, and in that Poſture recounted the Civilities they had received, and particularly repeated the Care which was taken of their Sick Brother. This, in their Imagination, who are uſed to know the Injuries of Weather, and the Viciſſitudes of Cold and Heat, gave them very great Impreſſions of a skilful Upholſterer, whoſe Furniture was ſo well contrived for their Protection on ſuch Occaſions. It is with theſe leſs inſtructed (I will not ſay leſs knowing) People, the Manner of doing Honour, to impoſe ſome Name ſignificant of the Qualities of the Perſon they diſtinguiſh, and the good Offices received from him. It was therefore reſolved, to call their Landlord *Cadaroque*, which is the Name of the ſtrongeſt Fort in their Part of the World. When they had agreed upon the Name, they ſent for their Landlord, and as he entered into their Preſence, the Emperor of the *Mohocks* taking him by the Hand, called him *Cadoroque*. After which the other Three Princes repeated the ſame Word and Ceremony.

Timoleon appeared much ſatisfied with this Account, and having a Philoſophick Turn, began to argue againſt the Modes and Manners of thoſe Nations which we eſteem polite, and expreſs himſelf with Diſdain at our uſual Method of calling ſuch as are Strangers to our Innovations, barbarous. I have, ſays he, ſo great a Deference for the Diſtinction given by theſe Princes, that *Cadaroque* ſhall be my Upholſterer. He was going on, but the intended Diſcourſe was interrupted by *Minucius*, who ſat near him, a ſmall Philoſopher, who is alſo ſomewhat of a Politician; one of thoſe who ſet up for Knowledge by Doubting, and has no other Way of making himſelf conſiderable but by contradicting all he hears ſaid. He has, beſides much Doubt and a Spirit of Contradiction, a conſtant Suſpicion as to State-Affairs. This accompliſh'd Gentleman, with a very awful Brow, and a Countenance full of Weight, told *Timoleon*, That it was a great Misfortune Men of Letters ſeldom looked into the Bottom of Things. Will any Man, continued he, perſwade me, that this was not from the Beginning to the End a concerted Affair? Who can convince the World, that Four Kings ſhall come over here, and lie at the Two Crowns and Cuſhion, and one of them fall ſick, and the Place be called *King-ſtreet*, and all this by meer Accident? No, no: To a Man of very ſmall Penetration, it appears, that *Tee Tee Neen Ho Ga Row*, Emperor of the *Mohocks*, was prepared for this Adventure before-hand. I do not care to contradict any Gentleman in his Diſcourſe; but I muſt ſay, however *Sa Ga Teath Rua Geth Ton*, and *E Tow Oh Koam*, might be ſurpriſed in this Matter,

ter; nevertheleſs, *Ho Nec Yeth Taw No Row*, knew it before he ſet Foot on the *Engliſh* Shore.

Timoleon looked ſtedfaſtly at him for ſome Time, then ſhaked his Head, paid for his Tea, and marched off. Several others whoſat round him, were in their Turns attacked by this ready Diſputant. A Gentleman who was at ſome Diſtance, happened in Diſcourſe to ſay it was Four Miles to *Hammerſmith*. I muſt beg your Pardon, ſays *Minucio*, when we ſay a Place is ſo far off, we do not mean exactly from the very Spot of Earth we are in, but from the Town where we are; ſo that you muſt begin your Account from the End of *Piccadilly*; and if you do ſo, I'll lay any Man Ten to One, it is not above Three good Miles off. Another, about *Minucio*'s Level of Underſtanding, began to take him up in this important Argument, and maintained, That conſidering the Way from *Pimlico* at the End of *St. James*'s *Park*, and the Croſſing from *Chelſea* by *Earl*'s-*Court*, he would ſtand to it, that it was full Four Miles. But *Minucio* replied with great Vehemence, and ſeemed ſo much to have the better of the Diſpute, that this Adverſary quitted the Field, as well as the other. I ſat till I ſaw the Table almoſt all vaniſhed, where, for Want of Diſcourſe, *Minucio* asked me, How I did? To which I anſwered, Very well. That's very much, ſaid he, I aſſure you you look paler than ordinary. Nay, thought I, if he won't allow me to know whether I am well or not, there's no ſtaying for me neither. Upon which I took my Leave, pondering as I went Home at this ſtrange Poverty of Imagination, which makes Men run into the Fault of giving Contradiction. They want in their Minds Entertainment for themſelves or their Company, and therefore build all they ſpeak upon what is ſtarted by others; and ſince they cannot improve that Foundation, they ſtrive to deſtroy it. The only Way of dealing with theſe People is, to anſwer in Monoſyllables, or by Way of Queſtion. When one of them tells you a Thing that he thinks extraordinary, I go no further than, Say you ſo, Sir? Indeed? Heyday! Or, Is it come to that? Theſe little Rules, which appear but ſilly in the Repetition, have brought me with great Tranquility to this Age. And I have made it an Obſervation, that as Aſſent is more agreeable than Flattery, ſo Contradiction is more odious than Calumny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Bickerſtaff's *Aërial Meſſenger has brought him a Report of what paſſed at the Auction of Pictures which was in* Somerſet-*Houſe Yard on* Monday *laſt, and finds there were no* Screnes *preſent, but all tranſacted with great Juſtice.*

N. B. *All falſe Buyers at Auctions being employed only to hide others, are from this Day forward to be known in Mr.* Bickerſtaff's *Writings by the Word* Screnes.

Advertiſements.

FOR Sale by the Candle, on Wedneſday the 17th Inſtant, at Loyd's Coffee-houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, at Six a Clock in the Afternoon, 30 Buts of new very good Red Barcelona Wine, neat, an entire Parcel, in a Cellar under the Houſe of Madam Clay, in Lawrence-Pountny's-lane in Cannon-ſtreet; and 18 Buts of new Red, very deep, bright and ſtrong, Barcelona Wines, neat, an entire Parcel, now landing, and will be in a Warehouſe up one Pair of Stairs over the dark Gate-way on Galley Key, fronting the Thames, near Tower-Dock; and 6 Buts of White Wine, under the Houſe of Mr. W. Philips, Wine-Cooper, in Mincing-lane, Fenchurch-ſtreet. And old Red Wines, Canary, and Red and White Buttoms, &c. under the Dwelling-houſe of Mr. Helmes, in Green-Dragon-Court in Southwark. Note, (the ſaid Houſe is to be let) All the aforeſaid Wines are to be ſeen next Monday and Tueſday from Seven to One, and from Two till Seven, and all Wedneſday till the Hour of Sale. To be ſold by Thomas Tomkins, Broker, in Crutched-Friars.

FOR Sale by the Candle, on Tueſday next, the 16th Inſtant, at Loyd's Coffee-houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, at Four a Clock in the Afternoon (only one Cask in a Lot) 79 Buts of new Mountain Malaga, 27 Buts of very deep Red Alicant, 19 Buts, 4 Pipes of new ſweet Malaga, in Cellars under the Gate-way of Buttolph Wharf near Billingſgate. To be ſeen from Two a Clock, Afternoon, this Day, and all Day long on next Monday, and Tueſday till the Hour of Sale. The Buyers are deſired to appear punctually at the Hour appointed, becauſe the Lots are many. To be ſold by T. Tomkins, Broker.

A Large Copper, with two Copper Pumps, Marſh-Tun, and Coolers, with all other Utenſils for Brewing, very little uſed, to be diſpoſed of. Enquire at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers-Hall.

†‡† Juſt publiſhed, The Law of England, concerning Trials in High-Treaſon, Miſpriſion of Treaſon, and in all other Crimes and Offences relating to the Crown. Alphabetically digeſted under proper Titles. By W. J. Barriſter at Law. 8vo. Pr. 5 s. Alſo, Legal Proviſions for the Poor: Or, A Treatiſe of the Common and Statute Laws concerning the Poor, their Relief, Settlement, or Puniſhment. Wherein are explained, all all the Statutes relating to that Subject, with the ancient and modern Law-Caſes and Reſolutions of the Judges. 12mo. By S. C. of the Inner-Temple, Eſq; Pr. 4 s. Both printed for J. Walthoe in the Temple-Cloyſters.

†‡† This Day is publiſhed, The Force of Friendſhip. A Play. As it is acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, by Her Majeſty's Servants. To which is added, A Farce, called, Love in a Cheſt, by Mr. Johnſon. Printed for E. Sanger at the Poſt-houſe at the Middle-Temple-gate in Fleet-ſtreet. N. B. Juſt publiſhed, The Lawrel and the Olive. A Poem. By Geo. Stubbs, M. A. Fellow of Exeter-College in Oxon.

*** In a few Days will be publiſhed, The Second Volume of a Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus; in which the Principles and Projects of a late whimſical Book, entituled, The Rights of the Chriſtian Church, &c. are fairly ſtated and anſwered in their Kind; and ſome Attempts made towards the Diſcovery of a new Way of Reaſoning, intirely unknown both to the Antients and Moderns. This Volume compleats the Anſwer to the Rights. Printed for B. Linſcott at the Croſs-Keys between the Two Temple Gates in Fleet-ſtreet.

†‡† This Day is publiſhed, The Surprizing-Poſt; or, A Brief Narrative of ſuch as have died ſuddenly; from Eutychus, who fell down dead ſleeping at a Sermon, down to the ſudden Death of Dr. John How. To which is added, An Elegy upon the ſudden and much lamented Death of Mrs. Alice Fuller, late of Cripplegate Pariſh. Alſo a Divine Improvement of theſe ſudden Deaths, adreſſed to all ſuch who are in perfect Health. This Poſt is one of thoſe 3000 that will be publiſhed every Tueſday and Saturday, 'till Dunton's Oracle is compleated, in 3000 diſtinct Poſts. To each of which is added, The Caſuiſtical Poſt, or Athenian Mercury, reſolving the moſt nice and curious Queſtions propoſed by the ingenious of either Sex. Next Tueſday expect, The Athenian Poſt, or a Century of Thoughts wholly new: And Saturday following will be publiſhed, The Healing Poſt, or an Expedient to a general Conformity; ſent by an unknown Hand, who has promiſed ſeveral other Poſts. Theſe 3000 Poſts will be all ſold by J. Morphew near Stationers-hall.

*** Selectarum de Lingua Latina Obſervationum Libri duo. Prior inſcribitur Latine loquendi Norma: Poſterior, barbare, vitioſeve loquendi Conſuetudinem inveſtigat, patefacit, emendat. Ductu, & Cura Johannis Ker. Veneunt apud J. Robinſon, J. Lawrence, C. Bateman, A. Bell, & J. Hartley, Bibliopolas Londinenſes.

A Small Parcel of Pictures, the Collection of Mr. William Cooper, Surgeon, deceaſed, will be ſold by Auction on Wedneſday next, the 17th Inſtant, at his late Dwelling-houſe in Portugal-Row, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; where Catalogues may be had, and the Pictures viewed, two Days before the Sale.

MRs. Slocombe, in Fiſhers-ſtreet near the Flower-de-Luce, will draw her Sale of Embroidered Goods on the 18th Inſtant. Note, It is to be drawn at the Blue-Boar, a Dancing School, in Eagle-ſtreet, beginning at Nine a Clock. Not yet full.

AN ancient Hereditary Eſtate, very improvable, of about 500 l. per Annum, near Dublin in Ireland, to be ſold. Enquire of Mr. John Slater, Attorney at Law, in Cuſtor's-alley near Chancery-lane.

LOST about a Year ſince, (as was inſerted in a News-Paper of the laſt Summer) a Necklace of French Glaſs, with a Runner of King Charles the Firſt's Head, cut in Amber, and ſet in Gold, with a Chryſtal over it, and a Croſs of plain Green Stones ſet in Gold. Whoever brings the ſame to Mr. Ellis, Goldſmith, at the Seven Stars in Fleet-ſtreet, ſhall receive the full Value, and be asked no Queſtions; it being the Legacy of a deceaſed Freind.

WHereas for ſome Years paſt, and at this Time alſo, a very malicious Report is induſtriouſly ſpread, That Mrs. Bell in the College-Green in Worceſter, is leaving her School; ſhe deſires all who either have or may hear the ſame, to believe the Report falſe and groundleſs, ſhe never having other Thoughts but of continuing to keep it, at her conſtant Rate of 13 l. a Year.

Sold by *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*; where *Advertiſements* are taken in.